

*Jules is behind the wheel, Vincent in the passenger seat and  
Marvin in the back.*

VINCENT

...ever seen that show "COPS?" I  
was watchin' it once and this cop  
was on it who was talkin' about  
this time he got into this gun  
fight with a guy in a hallway. He  
unloads on this guy and he doesn't  
hit anything. And these guys were  
in a hallway. It's a freak, but it  
happens.

JULES

If you wanna play blind man, then  
go walk with a Shepherd. But me,  
my eyes are wide fuckin' open.

VINCENT

What the fuck does that mean?

JULES

That's it for me. For here on in,  
you can consider my ass retired.

VINCENT

Jesus Christ!

JULES

Don't blaspheme!

VINCENT

Goddammit, Jules --

JULES

-- I said don't do that --

VINCENT

-- you're fuckin' freakin' out!

JULES

I'm tellin' Marsellus today I'm  
through.

VINCENT

While you're at it, be sure to tell  
'im why.

JULES

Don't worry, I will.

VINCENT

I'll bet ya ten thousand dollars,  
he laughs his ass off.

JULES

I don't give a damn if he does.

Vincent turns to the backseat with the .45 casually in his  
grip.

VINCENT

Marvin, what do you make of all  
this?

MARVIN

I don't even have an opinion.

VINCENT

C'mon, Marvin. Do you think God  
came down from Heaven and stopped  
the bullets?

Vincent's .45 goes BANG!

Marvin is hit in the upper chest, below the throat. He  
GURGLES blood and SHAKES.

JULES

What the fuck's happening?

VINCENT

I just accidentally shot Marvin in  
the throat.

JULES

Why the fuck did you do that?

VINCENT

I didn't mean to do it. I said it  
was an accident.

JULES

I've seen a lot of crazy-ass shit  
in my time --

VINCENT

-- chill out, man, it was an  
accident, okay? You hit a bump or  
somethin' and the gun went off.

JULES

The car didn't hit no motherfuckin'

bump!

VINCENT

Look! I didn't mean to shoot this  
son-of-a-bitch, the gun just went  
off, don't ask me how! Now I think  
the humane thing to do is put him  
out of his misery.

JULES

(can't believe it)

You wanna shoot 'im again?

VINCENT

The guy's sufferin'. It's the  
right thing to do.

Marvin, suffering though he is, is listening to this debate,  
not believing what he's hearing.

JULES

This is really uncool.

Vincent turns to the backseat, places the barrel of the .45  
against Marvin's forehead. Marvin's eyes are as big as  
saucers. He tries to talk Vince out of this, but when he

opens his mouth, only GURGLES come out.

JULES

Marvin, I just wanna apologize. I  
got nothin' to do with this shit.  
And I want you to know I think it's  
fucked up.

VINCENT

Okay, Pontius Pilot, when I count  
three, honk your horn. One...  
two...

CU of the steering wheel.

VINCENT (OS)

...three.

Jules presses down hard on the horn: HONK and BANG!

When we CUT BACK to the two men, the car is completely covered  
in blood. It's all over everything, including Jules and  
Vincent.

JULES

Jesus Christ Almighty!

VINCENT

(to himself)

Fuck.

JULES

Look at this mess! We're drivin'  
around on a city street in broad  
daylight --

VINCENT

-- I know, I know, I wasn't  
thinkin' about the splatter.

Three men are standing in Jimmie's kitchen, each with a mug of coffee. Jules, Vincent and JIMMIE DIMMICK, a young man in his late-20s dressed in a bathrobe.

JULES

Goddamn Jimmie, this is some serious gourmet shit. Me an' Vincent woulda been satisfied with freeze-dried Tasters Choice. You spring this gourmet fuckin' shit on us. What flavor is this?

JIMMIE

Knock it off, Julie.

JULES

What?

JIMMIE

I'm not a cobb or corn, so you can stop butterin' me up. I don't need you to tell me how good my coffee is. I'm the one who buys it, I know how fuckin' good it is. When Bonnie goes shoppin', she buys shit. I buy the gourmet expensive stuff 'cause when I drink it, I wanna taste it. But what's on my mind at this moment isn't the



coffee in my kitchen, it's the dead  
nigger in my garage.

JULES

Jimmie --

JIMMIE

-- I'm talkin'. Now let me ask you  
a question, Jules. When you drove  
in here, did you notice a sign out  
front that said, "Dead nigger  
storage?"

Jules starts to "Jimmie" him --

JIMMIE

-- answer to question. Did you see  
a sign out in front of my house  
that said, "Dead nigger storage?"

JULES

(playing along)

Naw man, I didn't.

JIMMIE

You know why you didn't see that  
sign?

JULES

Why?

JIMMIE

'Cause storin' dead niggers ain't  
my fuckin' business!

Jules starts to "Jimmie" him.

JIMMIE

-- I ain't through! Now don't you  
understand that if Bonnie comes  
home and finds a dead body in her  
house, I'm gonna get divorced. No  
marriage counselor, no trial  
separation -- fuckin' divorced.  
And I don't wanna get fuckin'  
divorced. The last time me an'  
Bonnie talked about this shit was  
gonna be the last time me an'  
Bonnie talked about this shit. Now  
I wanna help ya out Julie, I really  
do. But I ain't gonna lose my wife  
doin' it.

JULES

Jimmie --

JIMMIE

-- don't fuckin' Jimmie me, man, I  
can't be Jimmied. There's nothin'  
you can say that's gonna make me  
forget I love my wife. Now she's

workin' the graveyard shift at the hospital. She'll be comin' home in less than an hour and a half. Make your phone calls, talk to your people, than get the fuck out of my house.

JULES

That's all we want. We don't wanna fuck up your shit, We just need to call our people to bring us in.

JIMMIE

Then I suggest you get to it.  
Phone's in my bedroom.

As Jules crosses the room, exiting.

JULES

(calling behind him)  
You're a friend, Jimmie, you're a good fuckin' friend!

JIMMIE

(to himself)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. I'm a real good friend. Good friend, bad husband, soon to be ex-husband.  
(look up and sees  
Vincent)

Who the fuck are you?

VINCENT

I'm Vincent. And Jimmie, thank a  
bunch,

The two men laugh.

JIMMIE

Don't mention it.

The CAMERA looks through the bedroom doorway of a hotel suite into the main area. We SEE a crap game being played on a fancy crap table by GAMBLERS in tuxedos and LUCKY LADIES in fancy evening gowns. The CAMERA PANS to the right revealing: sitting on a bed, phone in hand with his back to us, the tuxedo-clad WINSTON WOLF aka "THE WOLF."

We also see The Wolf has a small notepad that he jots details in.

THE WOLF

(into phone)

Is she the hysterical type?

(pause)

When she due?

(jotting down)

Give me the principals' names  
again?

(jots down)

Jules....

We SEE his book. The page has written on it:

1265 Riverside Drive

Toluca Lake

1 body (no head)

Bloody shot-up car

Jules (black)

THE WOLF

...Vincent...Jimmie...Bonnie....

He writes:

Vincent (Dean Martin)

Jimmie (house)

Bonnie (9:30)

THE WOLF

Expect a call around 10:30. It's  
about thirty minutes away. I'll be  
there in ten.

He hangs up. We never see his face.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK:

"NINE MINUTES AND THIRTY-SEVEN SECONDS LATER"

CUT TO:

79. EXT. JIMMIE'S STREET - MORNING

79.

A silver Porsche WHIPS the corner leading to Jimmie's home, in  
HYPER DRIVE. Easily doing 135 mph, the Porsche stops on a  
dime in front of Jimmie's house.

A ringed finger touches the doorbell: DING DONG.

80. INT. JIMMIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

80.

Jimie opens the door. We see, standing in the doorway, the tuxedo-clad man. He looks down to his notebook, then up at Jimmie.

THE WOLF

You're Jimmie, right? This is your house?

JIMMIE

Yeah.

THE WOLF

(stick his hand out)

I'm Winston Wolf, I solve problems.

JIMMIE

Good, 'cause we got one.

THE WOLF

So I heard. May I come in?

JIMMIE

Please do.

The two men walk to the dining room.

THE WOLF

I want to convey Mr. Wallace's  
gratitude with the help you're  
providing on this matter. Let me  
assure you Jimmie, Mr. Wallace's  
gratitude is worth having.

In the dining room, Jules and Vincent stand up.

THE WOLF

You must be Jules, which would make  
you Vincent. Let's get down to  
brass tacks, gentlemen. If I was  
informed correctly, the clock is  
ticking, is that right, Jimmie?

JIMMIE

100%.

THE WOLF

Your wife, Bonnie...

(refers to his pad)

...comes home at 9:30 in the AM, is  
that correct?

JIMMIE

Uh-huh.

THE WOLF

I was led to believe if she comes



home and finds us here, she  
wouldn't appreciate it none too  
much.

JIMMIE

She won't at that.

THE WOLF

That give use forty minutes to get  
the fuck outta Dodge, which, if you  
do what I say when I say it, should  
by plenty. Now you got a corpse in  
a car, minus a head, in a garage.  
Take me to it.